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New Miscellany
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Court SONGS.
PART I.

CONTAINING

- I. ROBIN's Glory: Or, The Procession of the new Knights of the Bath. To the Tune of, *Te Commons and Peers*, &c.
- II. The Bristol Candidates. To the Tune of, *Which no Body can deny*.
- III. ROBIN will be out at last. To the Tune of, *Te Commons and Peers*. &c.
- IV. The Coffee-house Address. To the Tune of, *Chevy-Chase*.
- V. The Totnes Address to his new Majesty King George II.

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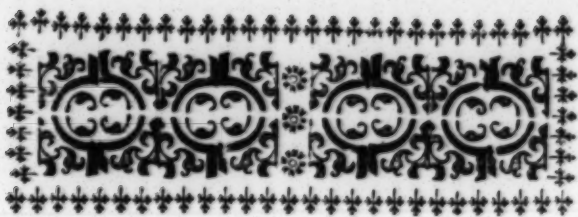
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To

All



ROBIN'S *Glory: Or, The Pro-
cession of the new Knights of the
Bath.*

MY Masters give Ear,
And a Story you'll hear
Of a fine Raree-Show and a Garter,
Ne'er was seen such a Sight,
Since *Tom Thumb* was a Knight,
In the Days of our noble King *Arthur*.

2.

When King *George* was abroad,
'Twas a Season thought good,
To shew us King *Robin* in Glory,
With his Squires in a Row,
And his Knights two by two,
All as gallant as Sir *John Dory*.

3.

E'en Baronets here
Humble Squires did appear,

B

6 *A New MISCELLANY*

And Members were proud of the Station ;
And who wou'd not be still
For the Civil List Bill,
To have a Place in a Sham Coronation ?

4.

They all walk'd, but their Prince
Did with Riding dispense,
And with Bathing a troublesome Rite-a ;
For he knew 'twas in vain,
They cou'd ne'er be wash'd clean,
Any more than a Black-a-more white-a.

5.

In the Abbey that Day,
Men did all things but pray ;
There was Ale, Wine, and Gin for the Rabble,
Such Doings unclean
In a Church ne'er was seen,
Since the Days that old *Paul's* was a Stable.

6.

In the Isles, if you please,
You your Bodies might ease,
By the Suff'ring at least of your Betters,
O *Stankope* ! had'st thou
Been alive but till now,
To have seen a Jakes made of *St. Peter's*.

of COURT Songs. 7

7.

An odd Way they all took
Thro' a blind crooked Nook
In the Church, for their Robes to be seen-a ;
But then Scaffolds had they,
To direct them the Way,
Where they seldom or never had been-a.

8.

After this, then they took
An odd Oath with the Book,
In the Days of old Popery known-a.
To be true all their Lives
To all Women but Wives,
To all Ladies excepting their own-a.

9.

Which Oath, if they broke,
Then their Sovereign's Cook
Was to hack off the Spurs of each Don-a,
But 'twas much if he cou'd,
For his Eyes must be good,
To discern that they had any on-a.

10.

Then this being done,
To their Dinner they run,
With Stomachs so sharp and so keen-a,

8 *A New MISCELLANY*

Without Grace they fall to,
As they used to do,
Never minding their Chaplain the Dean-a

II.

To the closing of all,
They at Night had a Ball,
Where their Damsels were drest to receive 'em:
What farther was done,
Will be better unknown,
For 'tis decent that here we should leave 'em.

The Bristol Candidates.

I.

TO *Mercury* once, the great Patron of Trade,
Three Sons of the *Change* their Petitions
convey'd
To be *Bristol* and his Representatives made:
Which no Body can deny.

2.

The God, who the City had greatly in Favour,
Bade each make a Bill of his Worth and Behaviour,
And then he'd consult with his conjuring Be-
ver, *Which, &c.*

3.

In truth the Dispute was so easy to try,
There needed no conjuring Rod to be nigh,
For their Merits were seen with the Half of an
Eye,

Which, &c.

4.

First *Scroop* he came in with much Grace and
Decorum,
For he was a Judge and his Father before him,
And could wrangle and scold— like the Mother
that bore him,

Which, &c.

5.

Besides he pretended a Family Call,
In one Martyr's Chapel to challenge a Stall,
Who had sent up another, as known to ye all,

Which, &c.

6.

To this God of all Robbers he thought no ill
Thing,
Thirty Thousand Pound Draw-back in Merit to
bring,
Which for Love of the City he'd stole from the
King,

Which, &c.

10 *A New MISCELLANY*

7.

The God not displeas'd with his Brother in Sin,
Who could thus with that *Argos* th' Exchequer
begin,
Bid him hope for the best, and let them laugh
that win,

Which, &c.

8.

Good *Hart* next came in with his provident
Face,
And pleaded his Traffick, and numerous Race,
And begg'd he would save him a second Dis-
grace,

Which, &c.

9.

The Deity took his Deserts by the Great,
And weighing his Claim with the Custom Re-
ceipt,
He gave the fair Trader good Hopes of a Seat,

Which, &c.

10.

Great *Elton* with Cringes and honey-blown
Words,
And Sentences soft as his Mother's new Curds,
Came next to the Bench, where no Chaff catches
Birds,

Which, &c.

11.

He spoke of Sir *Aby*, and young *Aby* too,
And his Daughters as fair as the Milk that they
drew,
Of what he had done—and what he could do.
Which, &c.

12.

Yes, Sir, says the Godhead, so clean are your
Ways,
One would think that your Grandfather liv'd to
these Days,
When I draw the next Lease—I'll remember
your Face, *Which, &c.*

13.

Till then, I beseech you, disturb me no more,
Nor think of St. *Stephen's*, unless tis the Door,
There rub out the Chalk, and begin a new Score,
Which, &c.

14.

They all went about to give Thanks, or Reply,
When the God spread his Wings, and sprung up
to the Sky,
And a *Scroop* and a *Hart* was the general Cry.
Which, &c.

ROBIN will be out at last.

1.

GOOD People draw near,
And a Tale you shall hear,
A Story concerning one *Robin*,
Who, from not worth a Groat,
A vast Fortune has got,
By Politicks, Bubbles and Jobbing.
Fa, la.

2.

But a few Years ago,
As we very well know,
He scarce had a Guinea his Fob in ;
But by bribing of Friends,
To serve his dark Ends,
Now worth a full Million is *Robin*.
Fa, la.

3.

That his Bags he might fill,
He brought in a Bill,
Intitled, *An Act against Mobbing* ;
But 'twas only a Law
To keep us in Awe,
From rising in Arms against *Robin*.
Fa, la.

of COURT Songs.

13

4.

Each Post he hath fill'd
With Wretches unskill'd
In all other Arts except Fobbing ;
For no Men of Sense
Would ever commence
Such prostitute Creatures of *Robin*.

Fa, la.

5.

By the same worthy Means
We have Bishops and Deans
As dull as blind *Bayard* or *Dobbin*,
That both Church and State
Draw near to their Date
By the excellent Measures of *Robin*.

Fa, la.

6

What a Stir hath he made
About Commerce and Trade,
About *China*-ware, Lace and Bobbing,
But it's very well known,
That all this was done,
To skreen other Projects of *Robin*.

Fa, la.

7.

How oft hath he swore,
That he'd save *Gibraltere*,

C

14 *A New MISCELLANY*

With a Face full as grave as Judge *Probyn*,
Yet still like the Church,
It is left in the Lurch
By the Treaties and Juggles of *Robin*.

Fa, la.

8.

As oft hath he said,
That our Debts should be paid,
And the Nation be eas'd of her Throbbing ;
Yet on Tick we still run,
For the true Sinking Fund
Is the bottomless Pocket of *Robin*.

Fa, la.

9.

Then at length would you be
From such foul Usage free,
From Armies, hard Taxes and Jobbing ;
You must join Heart and Hand,
And by each other stand,
To pull down the Plunderer *Robin*.

Fa, la.

10.

Come then let a full Glass
Round the King and Queen pass,
Who will ease our disconsolate Sobbing ;
For (if rightly I ween)
Such a good King and Queen
Will give no Protection to *Robin*.

Fa, la.

The Coffee-house Address.

OLD *Bung* a second Summons sent
To all the Babes of Grace,
To rendezvous again, and meet
Him at the usual Place.

The *Whiggs* run staring to the Crown,
And crave th' important News !
Says *Bung*, I seldom meet you here,
Without some Righteous Views.

The last Religious Plot we fram'd
To gain the Negative,
Had such Success, you'll ne'er despair
As long as *Bung's* alive.

The *Tories* saw, and struggl'd hard
To get out of the Snare !
But 'twas so well and wisely laid,
By G—d, I nick'd 'em there.

But now another Scene appears,
Requires all our Aid ;
Must new invent, or play again
The Tricks already play'd.

With Grief of Soul I here repeat,
Our Great *Protector's* dead !

16 *A New MISCELLANY*

Is on the sudden gone, and all
Our Hopes in him are fled.

Another King is risen up,
A King who knows not *Bung*;
Or what is worse, knows him too well,
I fear, to trust him long.

The cursed *Tories* pay their Court
And Homage to the Crown,
(And Z——ds if we don't look out sharp,
The *Whiggs* must hang or drown)

They late drew up a damn'd Address,
That much expos'd our Sores ;
But I trump'd up the Negative,
And kick'd it out of Doors.

'Twas full of Loyalty, and Vows
Of Duty to the King,
But here and there was interspers'd
A damn'd confounded Sting.

They must have Trade restor'd forsooth,
And flourish as before !
And pray *Gibraltar* may be kept,
And paid the Nation's Score.

Had we not had a Negative,
This fine Address had pass'd,
And we had fairly been expos'd
For Knaves or Fools at last.

But disappointed they apply,
And claim another Court ;
But we took Care t' advise the May'r,
And once more spoil'd their Sport.

But now to make our Work compleat,
And all the *Tories* mad,
We must resolve no *Tory's* Hand
Shall to th' Address be had.

Let us with Speed a new one draw
(Inveigh against the Other)
Let it be sign'd by *Jack* and *Tom*,
And ev'ry zealous Brother.

This *Coffee-house* Address we'll call
A Corporation Act,
And with our usual Modesty,
Will swear 'tis true in Fact.

In numerous Coaches to the Court
We will in Triumph go ;
If *Tories* hiss, the *Whiggs* shall laugh,
And call't a *Ravee-flow*.

If this succeeds, as we all wish,
'Tis all the Joy I crave ;
Or my Grey Hairs 'twill soon bring down
With Sorrow to the Grave.

*The Totnes ADDRESS to His
new Majesty King George II.
Presented in the first Year of
His Glorious Reign, Styl. Vet.*

WE, who not long ago profess'd,
That *George* alone cou'd make us blest,
With Grief recant, and freely own,
That *George* the Kingdom has undone.
For why? he bilk'd the State and Church,
And left his People in the Lurch:
He dy'd abroad without Consent
Of Ministry or Parliament.
(Had *Wills* or *Wager* been but there,
Death had not dar'd to come so near)

But why lament we this Disaster?
He broke our Head, but gave a Plaister.
Rejoice ye *British* Boys, rejoice
With Hands and Feet, with Heart and Voice;
For tho' the best of Kings is gone,
H'has left behind him such a Son——
A Son whose *Sun*-beams shall oppose,
And dissipate our Cloud of Woes;
Shall warm and cherish his Allies,
But scorch Faith-breaking Enemies.

O gracious Sir, to whom we owe
 All the Delight, that Mortals know,
 As, to your Father we did tender
 All, all our Fortunes, tho' but slender;
 We'll now one *Free-will Off'ring* add,
 And give you more than e'er we had.
 To be more plain, Great Sir, and brief,
 We'll sum our Wishes in an *If*.

If Brass were Silver, Silver Gold,
 And Money were for nothing fold,
 If *Totnes* did with Wealth abound,
 And cou'd afford an Hundred Pound,
 To you we'd give it all most willing,
 Nor for our selves reserve one Shilling.
 Thus *Spain's* Armadoes, *German* Hosts,
 Shou'd soon acknowledge to their Costs,
 That *George* o'er *Europe* bears the Sway,
 And that *Totnesians* him obey.

F I N I S.





